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the warm, full lips denoting sympathy and kindness yet force withal. Consider the nose, powerful as a Doric column and as refined; note the deep, meditative yet kindly eyes, the immense force of "the perceptive" and the high brows suggesting quickness of thought and wisdom; look at that cascade of beautifully composed hair on both sides of the head, recalling the lines of Homer:

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows!
Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God
High Heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
And wide Olympus to the center shook.

Unless one is totally devoid of capacity for being emotioned, one must admit that here we are as close

to God as we have up to date arrived in the art of man!

The power of creative imagination necessary to bring forth, out of hand, a head so wonderful in expression of things dreamt of but unseen, has never been equaled in the history of art, so far as we know. It has been approached only three or four times. Of what possible importance could mere technical cleverness of modeling or skilful surface craftsmanship be, beside the nobility, the suggestion of divine majesty so profoundly expressed by the Greek sculptor in this colossal and immortal head?

Meditating over this work and its significance, we are led to ask: is not the race on a lower plane of civilization now than it was when such works as this could be produced?

PAN AND IRIS

I

Love is hiding in the fold of every blade of grass;
Love is tipping every bough whichever way you pass;
Fern and fairy flower fleck the air with flame,
Flame and incense for the shrine of Pan's immortal name.

II

Whether there be violets or whether there be yew,
Everything is shining with a million drops of dew;
The Dew is rainbow-tinted for Iris passed this way,
And every flower caught her glance at dawning of the day.

III

Love is in the city park, you hear the sparrows call,
Calling as they flit and fly from vine to cornice wall;
And children's eager faces wan, press close the iron bars
To catch a whiff of growing grass and dandelion stars.

IV

What matter if the city is filled with dust and grime?
You count the quickened heartbeats to measures of new time;
You cannot keep them back; you know the sky is blue;
Love flies above on winsome wing and sings his song anew.

V

The rain is rainbow-tinted, every drop a daffodil;
The pavements wet and splashy make flickering gas-flames spill
Now a streak, a flash, a wriggle for a painter's pure delight;
The poet whispers "Whistler—once loved their golden light."

VI

When purple folds the shadow and silver grays the gloom,
And yellow slants a shining path from every light abloom;
Then voices of the city sound faint and far astray;
It is a world enchanted—we walk the Primrose Way.

Irene Weir